

Zak And Sara

Words & Music:
Ben Folds

[Capo 3]

D D/C Gm7/B Gm7/Bb [2x]

D D/C Gm7/B Gm7/Bb
Sara spelled without an "h" was getting bored.

D D/C Gm7/B Gm7/Bb
On a Peavey amp from nineteen-eighty-four.

Em A
While Zak without a "c" tried out some new guitars.

Em A
Playing Sara with no "h's" favorite song.

D Gm7/B A
La-la-laaa, la-la-laaa, la-la-laaa.

La-la-laaa, la-la-laaa, la-la-laaa.

Em A
Zak and Sara

D D/C Gm7/B Gm7/Bb [2x]

Often Sara would have spells where she lost time.
She saw the future she heard voices from inside.
The kind of voices she would soon learn to deny.
Because at home they got her slapped.

La-la-laaa, la-la-laaa, la-la-laaa.

La-la-laaa, la-la-laaa, la-la-laaa.

Em A
Zak and Sara

C C/B A

Zak and Sara

C C/B A

BRIDGE

A Bm
Zak called his Dad, about layaway plans.

A D G
Sara told the friendly salesman that:

E A
“You’ll all die in your cars and why’s it gotta be dark?

A
And you’re all working in a submarine,
D D/C Gm7/B Gm7/Bb D D/C Gm7/B Gm7/Bb
Asshole.”

She saw the light, she saw a pale English face.
Some strange machines, repeating beats and thumping bass.
Pitchers of pills that put you in a loving trance.
That make it possible for all white boys to dance.
And when Zak finished Sara’s song, Sara clapped.
La-la-laaa, la-la-laaa, la-la-laaa.
La-la-laaa, la-la-laaa, la-la-laaa.

Em A
Zak and Sara
C C/B A C C/B
Zak and Sara
D D/C Gm7/B Gm7/Bb [3x]